OLD WORLD WONDER STORIES

DATE DUE

1-24			
1-25			
2-1			
2-2			
2-3			
1-9			
1-19			
3-8			
1-9			
2-9			

HEATH SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

OLD WORLD WONDER STORIES

INTRODUCTION BY
M. V. O'SHEA

REVISED EDITION

FULMER SCHOOL
Date JAN 18 1934

D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA
DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

REVISED AND RESET 1930
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY D. C. HEATH & CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY M. V. O'SHEA

3 A 3

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

INTRODUCTION

IT is a familiar doctrine in our own day that in the process of maturing, the child must travel along the route pursued by his ancestors, living over their experiences more or less fully and exactly. The long period of development in the human species appears to have been instituted for the purpose of conveying the child step by step up through the mental history of the race, and it seems altogether likely that in our educational schemes we must plan to help him along on his way by bringing to his aid the things which have been of assistance in the ascent of the race. We must give him a lift up toward the refined aspects of moral courage by affording him a chance to try himself first with the grosser forms of physical courage. So in fashioning his mind to be a mirror of the world as it is, or perhaps to be a critical instrument for delicately observing phenomena and explaining them, we must carry him through the stage when he realizes that there are things to be accounted for, and when he makes up explanations out of the experiences he has already had, crude as these most often are. In the plan of growth of all things it seems that simplicity and crudity lie as means to the ends of complexity and refinement.

These stories should find a place in children's literature, then, and for the reasons here indicated. They have always appealed in the past, and will continue to appeal in the future, to the interests of the young, and they will meet a need which cannot readily be supplied by anything in their stead.

M. V. O'SHEA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/bwb_P8-ACB-841

PREFATORY NOTES

THE four wonder stories contained in this book were for centuries handed down in England by oral tradition, and later on were printed in the chapbooks [1]; during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they were very nearly displaced by the tales of Mother Goose, collected by Charles Perrault,[2] and later on by the tales of the Brothers Grimm. The French fairy tales were more elegant and clear, and charmed by their style as well as by the story. The German stories contained more of fine fancy and imagination, which formed their chief attraction, than the somewhat ruder and more vigorous native English stories. These latter have sometimes become mixed up with the Perrault and Grimm tales, and incrusted with ideas from these French and German sources.

These rude and vigorous stories, however, have a distinctly Anglo-Saxon character, and the four here given are in the chapbook versions long current in England. They are probably the best known as well as the oldest of the traditional English folk tales. But little liberty

[1] Chapbooks were so called because they were carried about England by the chapman, who was a kind of colporteur. Cotgrave, in his Dictionaries of French and English Tongues (London, 1611), defines him as "a paltrie pedlar who in a long bag or maund which he carries for the most part open hanging from his necke before him hath almanaces bookes of newes and other trifling ware to sell." These chapbooks were printed on paper of the coarsest character, sometimes with a wrapper of a kind of wall paper, and decorated with woodcuts which as often as not had no reference to the text, or a very remote one indeed.

[2] See *The Tales of Mother Goose*, first collected by Charles Perrault. D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.

has been taken with them except to simplify the language here and there, and to tone down some needlessly gruesome and horrible elements which might be hurtful to the imaginative child. As a matter of fact, however, the pure sentiments of pity and terror are, as Mr. Jacobs very sensibly observes, "as effective among the little ones as among the spectators of a drama, and they take the same kind of pleasant thrill from the stories as their elders do from the play." At the back of their minds they know that it is all make-believe, just as much as do the spectators of a tragedy, and almost every one who has enjoyed the blessing of a romantic imagination has been trained up on such tales of wonder as are contained in this little volume.

In the folk stories of northern Europe there is probably no formula more widespread than the "Fee-fi-fo-fum" of the giant in "Jack the Giant-Killer." It was commonly current among the people in Shakespeare's day and is quoted by him in *King Lear*, when he says:

> "Childe Rowland to the dark tower came;
> His word was still, 'Fi, fo, and fum,
> I smell the blood of an English man.'"

The story of Tom Thumb is an English variation of that of Little Thumb, *Petit Poucet*, in Perrault's collection, though the details of both differ very widely. The germ of this story exists in various forms in the books of the far East, whence comes one-third of our fairy tales, rhymes, and jingles, including even the original of the Tar Baby; it is found also among the American Indians and the Zulus of South Africa, as well as in the older literature of every country of Europe, north, east, south,

and west. This version of Tom Thumb, who is about the oldest character in English nursery literature, is less mixed up with foreign variants than any other. In 1611 the ancient tales of Tom Thumb were said to have been "in the olde time the only survivors of drouzy age at midnight. Old and young have with his tales chim'd mattens till the cocks crow in the morning. Batchelors and maides have with his tales compassed the Christmas fire-blocke till the curfew bell rings candle out. The old shepheard and the young plowboy, after a day's labour, have carol'ed out a 'Tale of Tom Thumbe' to make them merry with, and who but little 'Tom' hath made long nights seem short and heavy toyles easie?"

Sir Richard Whittington was a real character. He was Lord Mayor of London in part of the year 1396, in 1397, in 1406, and in 1419. He was one of London's merchant princes, a wise, merciful, and just man. He left rich endowments for learning and city improvement. He founded a college and built a library for the city. He restored St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He improved the prisons, which were pesthouses in his day. He encouraged learning and enforced such sanitary legislation as was understood at that time. It is difficult to say how much of the cat legend is true. The same tale is told in a dozen different ways and of a dozen different persons, and they all refer to about the same period. One thing, however, is clear: all the monuments and all the records concerning Whittington have connected him with a cat. The executors of his will associated his memory with a cat. It is also clear from contemporary history that tame cats were much scarcer then than they are now, and that in many distant countries they were unknown. There is

also plenty of evidence that cats were at this period valuable articles of merchandise, and it would seem very probable that in some way or other Whittington did make a fortunate venture with a cat and thus laid the foundation of his riches and of this oft-repeated legend.

C. W.

CONTENTS

PAGE

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT 3

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER 26

TOM THUMB 56

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK 73

Old World Wonder Stories

In the reign of the famous King Edward the Third of England lived a little boy called Dick Whittington. His father and mother died when he was very young, and he was left a ragged little fellow running about a country village.

As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off, getting but little for his dinner and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor themselves, and could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes and now and then a hard crust.

HE LEANED AGAINST THE SIGNPOST.

Dick Whittington was a very poor boy, but he was also a very sharp boy, and he was always listening to whatever was talked about. On Sunday he was sure to be near the farmers talking in the churchyard before the clergyman had come; and once a week you might see him leaning against the signpost of the village, where people stopped as they came from the next market town; and when the barber's shop door was open, there he was, all attention to what the gossipy customers were saying. In this manner Dick heard many strange things about the great city of London, for the simple country people of that day thought that the London folk were all fine gentlemen

THE WAGONER TOLD HIM HE MIGHT GO.

and ladies, and that the streets were paved with gold.

One day a large wagon, drawn by eight horses with bells at their heads, passed through the village while Dick was standing by the signpost. He thought that the wagon must be going to the fine town of London; so he took courage and asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon. As soon as the wagoner heard that Dick had neither father nor mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not well be worse off than he was, he told him that he might go. So they set off together.

Nobody knows how little Dick contrived to get meat and drink on the road, nor how he could walk so far — for it was a long way — nor what he did at night for a place to lie down and sleep in. Perhaps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed through, when they saw that he was a poor ragged boy, gave him something to eat; perhaps the wagoner allowed him to get into the wagon at night and take a nap. However, Dick got safely to London, where he was in such a hurry to see the fine streets paved all over with gold that he did not even stay to thank the kind wagoner, but

ran off as fast as his legs could carry him through many of the streets, thinking every moment to come to those that were paved with gold. Dick, who had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, remembered what a deal of money it brought in change; and he thought he had nothing to do but to take up some little bits of the pavement, when he should have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired and had quite forgotten his friend, the wagoner; but at last it grew dark, and finding that there was everywhere nothing but dirt instead of gold, Dick sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep. He was all night in the streets. The next morning, being very hungry, he got up and wandered about, asking everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving. Only two or three persons gave him a halfpenny; so the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for want of food.

At last a good-natured-looking gentleman saw how hungry he looked. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick.

"That I would," answered Dick, "but I don't know how to get any work."

"If you are willing," said the gentleman, "come along with me"; and so saying he took him to a hayfield. In this field Dick worked briskly and lived merrily till the hay was all made. Soon, how-

DICK WORKED BRISKLY AND LIVED MERRILY.

ever, he found himself as badly off as before; and again being almost starved, he laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook, an ill-tempered creature, who called out to him:

"What business have you there, you lazy rogue?

If you don't take yourself away, we shall see how you will like a sousing of some dishwater I have here that is hot enough to make you jump."

Just at this time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came

He Was Too Weak to Stand.

home to dinner, and when he saw a dirty, ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him: "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem old enough to work; I am afraid you are lazy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick to him, "that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart; but

I don't know anybody, and I believe I am very sick for want of food."

"Poor fellow," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "get up and let us see what ails you."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand; for he had not eaten anything for three days and was no longer able to run about and beg halfpence of people in the streets. So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house and a good dinner given to him and told him to help the cook in any way that he could.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook, who was finding fault and scolding him from morning till night; and besides, she was so fond of basting that when she had no roast meat to baste she would baste poor Dick.

At last her ill usage of him was told to Miss Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who asked the ill-tempered creature if it was not a shame to use a little forlorn boy so cruelly, and said she should certainly be turned away if she did not treat him kindly. But though the cook was so ill-tempered, the footman was quite different; he had lived in

the family many years and was an elderly man and very kind-hearted. He had once had a little son of his own, who died when he was about the age of Dick; so he could not help feeling pity for the poor boy, and sometimes gave him a halfpenny to buy gingerbread or a top, for tops were cheaper at that time than they are now.

The footman was very fond of reading and often used to entertain the other servants with some amusing book in the evening when they had done their work. Little Dick took great pleasure in hearing this good man, and wished very much to learn to read too; so the next time the footman gave him a halfpenny, he bought a little book with it, and with the footman's help Dick soon learned to read.

About this time Miss Alice was going out one morning for a walk, and the footman happened to be out of the way; so as little Dick had a suit of good clothes that Mr. Fitzwarren gave him to go to church in on Sundays, he was told to put them on and walk behind her.

As they went along, Miss Alice saw a poor woman with one child in her arms and another on her back. She pulled out her purse and gave

DICK CAUGHT THE PARROT.

the woman some money, but as she was putting it into her pocket again, she dropped it on the ground and walked on. It was lucky that Dick was behind and saw what she had done; he picked up the purse and gave it to her again.

Another time when Miss Alice was sitting with the window open, amusing herself with a favorite parrot, it suddenly flew away to the branch of a high tree, where all the servants were afraid to venture after it. As soon as Dick heard of this, he pulled off his coat and climbed up the tree as nimbly as a squirrel, and after a great deal of trouble — for Poll hopped about from branch to branch — he caught her and brought

her down safely to his mistress. Miss Alice thanked him and liked him ever after for this.

The ill-humored cook was now a little kinder; but besides her ugliness Dick had another hardship to get over. His bed stood in a garret where there were so many holes in the floor and the walls that every night he was waked in his sleep by the rats and mice, which often ran over his face and made such a noise that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling down about him. One day a gentleman who came to see Mr. Fitzwarren wanted his shoes cleaned; Dick took great pains to make them shine, and the gentleman gave him a penny. With this he thought he would buy a cat; so the next day, seeing a little girl with a cat under her arm, he went up to her and asked if she would let him have it for a penny. The girl said she would with all her heart, for her mother had more cats than she could keep. She told him, besides, that this one was a very good mouser.

Dick hid his cat in the garret and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her. In a short time he had no more trouble from the rats and mice and slept as soundly as he could wish.

Soon after this his master had a ship ready to

sail, and as he thought it right that all his servants should have some chance for good fortune he called them into the parlor and asked them what they would send out to be sold to the natives. They all had something that they were willing to venture except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods and so could send nothing at all. For this reason he did not come into the parlor with the rest, but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter and ordered him to be called in. She then said she would lay down some money for him from her own purse, but her father told her this would not do, for Dick must send something of his own.

When poor Dick heard this, he said he had nothing but a cat, which he had bought for a penny that was given him.

"Fetch your cat then, my good boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Dick went upstairs and brought down his Puss and with tears in his eyes gave her to the captain, for he said he should now be kept awake all night again by the rats and mice. All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture, and Miss Alice, who felt pity for the poor boy, gave him some halfpence to buy another cat.

This, and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever and always made fun of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him if

He Gave Puss to the Captain.

he thought his cat would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him.

At last poor little Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he packed up his few things and

set out very early in the morning on Allhallows Day, which is the first of November.

He walked as far as Holloway and there sat down on a stone which to this day is called Whittington's stone and began to think which road he should take. While he was thinking what he could do, the bells of Bow Church, which at that time were only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sounds said to him:

"Turn again Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now to be Lord Mayor of London and ride in a fine coach when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of the old cook if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick went back and was lucky enough to get into the house and set about his work before the old cook came downstairs.

The ship with the cat on board was a long time at sea and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, where the only people

are Moors, whom the English had never known before. The people of this country came in great numbers to see the sailors, who were all of a different color from themselves, and treated them very civilly and when they became better acquainted were very eager to buy the fine things with which the ship was laden. When the captain saw this, he sent samples of the best things he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased with them that he sent for the captain and his chief mate to be brought to the palace.

Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets marked with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room, and a number of dishes of the greatest rarities were brought in for dinner. But before they had been set on the table a minute, a vast number of rats and mice rushed in and helped themselves from every dish, throwing the gravy and pieces of the meat all about the room. The captain wondered very much at this and asked the king's servants if these vermin were not very unpleasant.

"Oh yes," they said, "and the king would give half his riches to get rid of them, for they not only

waste his dinner, as you see, but disturb him even in his bedroom, so that for fear of them he is obliged to be watched while he is asleep."

The captain was ready to jump for joy when he heard this. He thought of poor Dick's cat and told the king he had a creature on board his ship that would kill all the rats and mice.

The king was still more glad than the captain. "Bring this creature to me," said he, "and if it can do what you say, I will give you your ship full of gold for her."

The captain, to make quite sure of his good luck, answered that she was such a clever cat for catching rats and mice that he could hardly bear to part with her, but that to oblige His Majesty he would fetch her.

"Run, run," said the queen, "for I long to see the dear creature that will do us such a service."

Away ran the captain to the ship while another dinner was got ready. He took Puss under his arm and came back to the palace soon enough to see the table covered with rats and mice again and the second dinner likely to be lost in the same way as the first. When the cat saw them, she did not wait for bidding, but jumped out of the captain's

arms and in a few moments laid almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest of them in a fright scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen were quite charmed to get rid so easily of such plagues, for ever since they could remember they had not had a comfortable meal by day nor any quiet sleep by night. They desired that the creature who had done them so great a kindness might be brought for them to look at.

On this the captain called out, "Puss, Puss," and the cat ran up to him and jumped upon his knee. He then held her out to the queen, who started back and was afraid to touch a creature that was able to kill so many rats and mice; but when she saw how gentle the cat seemed and how glad she was at being stroked by the captain, she ventured to touch her too, saying all the time, "Poot, Poot," for she could not speak English. At last the queen took Puss on her lap and by degrees became quite free with her till Puss purred herself to sleep.

When the king had seen the actions of Puss, he bought the captain's whole ship's cargo and gave him a great deal of gold besides, for the cat. The captain then took leave of the king and queen and the great persons of their court and with all his

ship's crew set sail with a fair wind for England and after a happy voyage arrived safely at London.

One morning when Mr. Fitzwarren had just come into his countinghouse and had seated him-

THEY CARRIED A VAST AMOUNT OF GOLD.

self at the desk, somebody came tap, tap, tap at the door.

"Who is there?" said Mr. Fitzwarren.

"A friend," answered some one, opening the door, and who should it be but the captain and mate of the ship just arrived from the coast of Barbary!

They were followed by several men carrying a vast number of pieces of gold that had been paid him by the king of Barbary for the ship's cargo. They then told the story of the cat and showed the rich present the king had sent to Dick for her, upon which the merchant called out to his servants:

"Go fetch him; we will tell him of the same.
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be really a good man, for when some of his clerks said so great a treasure was too much for such a boy as Dick, he answered: "God forbid that I should keep the value of a single penny from him! It is all his own, and he shall have every farthing's worth of it to himself."

He then sent for Dick, who at that time happened to be scouring the cook's kettles and was so dirty that he wanted to excuse himself from going to his master by saying that the great nails in his shoes would spoil the fine polished floor.

Mr. Fitzwarren, however, made him come in and ordered a chair to be set for him. Poor Dick thought they were making fun of him, as the servants often did in the kitchen, and began to beg

his master not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but to let him go down again to his work.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you. The captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world. I wish you may long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them, and he said, "Mr. Whittington has now nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy; he begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness.

"No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own, and I have no doubt you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune; but they would not, and at the same time told him that his success afforded them great pleasure.

But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the sailors,

and afterwards to his good friend the footman and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants and even to the ill-natured old cook. After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for proper tradesmen and get himself dressed like a gentleman, and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so Miss Alice, who had been so kind to him and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart — the more so, no doubt, because Whittington was now always thinking what he could do to please her and making her the prettiest presents that he could get. Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other and proposed to join them in marriage, and to this they both readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed, and they were attended to church by the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterwards treated with a very fine feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor and were very happy. They had several children. He was sheriff of London in the year 1360 and several times afterwards lord mayor; the last time, he entertained King Henry the Fifth on His Majesty's return from the famous battle of Agincourt.

In this company the king, on account of Whittington's gallantry, said, "Never had prince such a subject"; and when Whittington was told this at the table, he answered, "Never had subject such a king." Going with an address from the city on one of the king's victories, he received the honor of knighthood.

Sir Richard Whittington supported many poor people; he built a church and also a college, with a yearly allowance to poor scholars, and near it raised a hospital. The figure of Sir Richard Whittington, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate that stood across Newgate Street. The following epitaph was written on the tomb of Sir Richard and Lady Whittington and continued perfect till destroyed by the fire in London:

"Here lies Sir Richard Whittington, thrice mayor,
And his dear wife, a virtuous, loving pair;
Him fortune raised to be beloved and great
By the adventure only of a cat.
Let none that read it of God's love despair;
Who trust in Him, He will of them take care.
But growing rich, choose humbleness, not pride;
Let these dead virtuous persons be your guide."

In the reign of the famous King Arthur there lived near the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, a worthy farmer who had an only son named Jack. Jack was a bold boy; he took pleasure in hearing or reading stories of wizards, conjurers, giants, and fairies, and used to listen eagerly while his father talked of the great deeds of the brave knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

When Jack was sent to take care of the sheep and oxen in the fields, he used to amuse himself with planning battles, sieges, and the means to conquer or surprise a foe. He did not care much for the common sports of children, but hardly any one

could equal him at wrestling, or if he met with a match for himself in strength, his skill and courage always made him the victor.

In those days there lived on St. Michael's Mount of Cornwall, which rises out of the sea at some distance from the mainland, a huge giant. He was eighteen feet high and three yards round, and his fierce and savage looks were the terror of all his neighbors. He dwelt in a gloomy cavern on the very top of the mountain and used to wade over to the mainland in search of his prey.

When he came near, the people left their houses; and after he had feasted upon their cattle, he would

PEOPLE LEFT THEIR HOUSES.

throw half a dozen oxen upon his back, tie three times as many sheep and hogs round his waist, and so march back to his own abode.

The giant had done this for many years, and the coast of Cornwall was greatly hurt by his thefts, when Jack boldly resolved to destroy him. He therefore took a horn, shovel, pickaxe, and a dark lantern, and early in a long winter's evening he swam to the Mount. There he set to work at once, and before morning he had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and almost as many feet broad. He covered it over with sticks and straw and strewed some of the earth over these to make it look just like solid ground. He then put his horn to his mouth and blew such a loud and long blast that the giant awoke and came toward Jack, roaring like thunder:

"You saucy villain, you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest; I will broil you for my breakfast."

He had scarcely spoken these words when, coming one step farther, he tumbled headlong into the pit, and his fall shook the very mountain.

"O ho, Mr. Giant!" said Jack, looking into the pit. "Have you found your way so soon to the

bottom? How is your appetite now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast this cold morning but broiling Jack?"

The giant now tried to arise, but Jack struck

"You Shall Pay Dearly for This."

him a blow on the crown of the head with his pick-axe, which killed him at once. Jack then made haste back to rejoice his friends with the news of the giant's death. When the justices of Cornwall heard of this valiant action, they sent for Jack and declared that he should always be called Jack the

Giant-Killer; they also gave him a sword and belt, upon which was written in letters of gold:

"This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the Giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's great deeds soon spread over the western parts of England, and another giant, called Old Blunderbore, vowed to have revenge on Jack if it ever should be his fortune to get him into his power. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonely wood.

About four months after the death of Cormoran, as Jack was taking a journey into Wales, he passed through this very wood. As he was weary, he sat down to rest by the side of a pleasant fountain, and there he fell into a deep sleep. The giant came to the fountain for water just at this time and found Jack there, and as the lines on Jack's belt showed who he was, the giant lifted him up and laid him gently upon his shoulder to carry him to his castle. But as he passed through the thicket, the rustling of the leaves waked Jack, who was sadly afraid when he found himself in the clutches of Blunderbore.

Yet this was nothing to his fright soon after, for

when they reached the castle, he saw that the floor was covered all over with the skulls and bones of men and women. The giant locked Jack up in a large room while he went to fetch another giant who lived in the same wood to enjoy a dinner of Jack's flesh with him. While he was away, Jack heard dreadful shrieks, groans, and cries from many parts of the castle, and soon he heard a mournful voice repeat these lines:

"Haste, valiant stranger, haste away,
Lest you become the giant's prey.
On his return he'll bring another
Still more savage than his brother:
A horrid, cruel monster, who,
Before he kills, will torture you.
Oh, valiant stranger! Haste away,
Or you'll become these giants' prey."

This warning was so shocking to poor Jack that he was ready to go mad. He ran to the window and saw the two giants coming along arm in arm. This window was right over the gates of the castle.

"Now," thought Jack, "either my death or freedom is at hand."

There were two strong cords in the room; Jack made a large noose with a slipknot at the ends of both these, and as the giants were coming through

the gates, he threw the ropes over their heads. He then made the other ends fast to a beam in the ceiling and pulled with all his might till he had almost strangled them. When he saw that they

JACK GAVE THEM THE KEYS OF THE CASTLE.

were both quite black in the face and had not the least strength left, he drew his sword and slid down the ropes. He then killed the giants and thus saved himself from a cruel death. Jack next took a great bunch of keys from the pocket of Blunderbore and went into the castle again. He made a strict search

through all the rooms and in them found three ladies tied up by the hair of their heads and almost starved to death. They told him their husbands had been killed by the giants, who had condemned them to be starved to death.

"Ladies," said Jack, "I have put an end to the monster and his wicked brother, and I give you this castle and all the riches it contains to make you some amends for the dreadful pains you have felt."

He then very politely gave them the keys of the castle and went farther on his journey to Wales. As Jack had not taken any of the giant's riches for himself and so had very little money of his own, he thought it best to travel as fast as he could. At length he lost his way, and when night came on, he was in a lonely valley between two lofty mountains. He walked about for some hours without seeing any dwelling place; so he thought himself very lucky at last in finding a large and handsome house.

He went up to it boldly and knocked loudly at the gate. To his great terror and surprise there came forth a monstrous Welsh giant with two heads. He spoke to Jack very civilly, for all the mischief he did was by private and secret malice

under the show of friendship and kindness. Jack told him that he was a traveler who had lost his way, on which the huge monster made him welcome and led him into a room where there was a good bed to pass the night in. Jack took off his clothes quickly, but though he was so weary, he could not go to sleep. Soon after this he heard the giant walking backward and forward in the next room, and saying to himself:

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Say you so?" thought Jack. "Are these your tricks upon travelers? But I hope to prove myself as cunning as you."

Then getting out of bed, he groped about the room and at last found a large, thick stick of wood, which he laid in his own place in the bed, and then hid himself in a dark corner of the room.

In the middle of the night the giant came with his great club and struck many heavy blows on the bed in the very place where Jack had laid the stick; then he went back to his own room, thinking all Jack's bones were broken. Early in the

morning Jack put a bold face upon the matter and walked into the giant's room to thank him for his lodging.

The giant started when he saw him, and he began to stammer out: "Oh, dear me! Is it you? Pray, how did you sleep last night? Did you see or hear anything in the dead of night?"

"Nothing worth speaking of," said Jack carelessly. "A rat, I believe, gave me three or four slaps with his tail and disturbed me a little, but I soon went to sleep again."

The giant wondered more and more at this; yet he did not answer a word, but went to bring two great bowls of hasty pudding for their breakfast. Jack wished to make the giant believe that he could eat as much as the giant; so he contrived to button a leather bag inside his coat and slipped the hasty pudding into this bag while he seemed to put it into his mouth.

When breakfast was over, he said to the giant: "Now I will show you a fine trick. I can cure all wounds with a touch; I could cut off my head one minute and the next put it sound again on my shoulders. You shall see an example."

He then took hold of the knife, ripped up the

leather bag, and all the hasty pudding tumbled out upon the floor.

"That is nothing!" cried the giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack. "I can do that myself!"

So he snatched up the knife, plunged it into his stomach, and in a moment dropped down dead.

As soon as Jack had thus tricked the Welsh monster, he went farther on his journey, and a few days later he met King Arthur's only son, who had his father's leave to travel into Wales to deliver a beautiful lady from the power of a wicked magician who held her in his enchantments. When Jack found that the young prince had no servants with him, he begged leave to attend him. The prince at once agreed to this and gave Jack many thanks for his kindness. The prince was a handsome, polite, brave knight, so good-natured that he gave money to everybody he met.

At length he gave his last penny to an old woman and then turned to Jack and said, "How shall we be able to get food for ourselves for the rest of our journey?"

"Leave that to me, sir," said Jack; "I will provide for my prince."

Night now came on, and the prince began to grow uneasy at thinking where they should lodge.

"Sir," said Jack, "be of good heart; two miles

He Met King Arthur's Only Son.

farther there lives a large giant whom I know well. He has three heads and will fight five hundred men and make them fly before him."

"Alas!" replied the king's son. "We had better never have been born than meet with such a monster."

"My lord, leave me to manage him, and wait here in quiet till I return."

The prince now stayed behind while Jack rode on at full speed; when he came to the gates of the castle, he gave a loud knock.

The giant with a voice like thunder roared out, "Who is there?"

And Jack made answer, "No one but your poor nephew Jack."

"Well," said the giant, "what news, nephew Jack?"

"Dear uncle," said Jack, "I have heavy news."

"Pooh!" said the giant. "What heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads; I can fight five hundred men and make them fly before me."

"Alas!" said Jack. "Here is the king's son, coming with two thousand men to kill you and to destroy the castle and all that you have."

"Oh, Jack," said the giant, "this is heavy news, indeed! But I have a large cellar underground, where I will hide myself, and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in and keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

Now when Jack had made the giant fast in the vault, he went back and fetched the prince to the castle. They both made themselves merry with the wine and other dainties that were in the house. So that night they rested very pleasantly while the giant lay trembling and shaking with fear in the cel-

JACK GAVE HIM GOLD AND SILVER.

lar underground. Early in the morning Jack gave the king's son gold and silver out of the giant's treasure and set him three miles forward on his journey. Then Jack went to let his uncle out of the hole, who asked Jack what he should give him as a reward for saving his castle.

"Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap with the old

rusty sword and slippers which are hanging at your bed's head."

Then said the giant: "You shall have them, and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of great use: the coat will keep you invisible, the cap will give you knowledge, the sword can cut

"Tell Me on Whom I Bestow This Handkerchief."

through anything, and the shoes are of vast swiftness. These may be useful to you in all times of danger; so take them with all my heart."

Jack gave many thanks to the giant, and then set off to the prince. When he had come up with the king's son, they soon arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful lady who was under the power of a wicked magician. She received the prince very

politely and made a noble feast for him, and when it was ended, she rose and, wiping her mouth with a fine handkerchief, said: "My lord, you must submit to the custom of my palace; to-morrow morning I command you to tell me on whom I bestow this handkerchief, or lose your head."

She then went out of the room. The young prince went to bed very mournful, but Jack put on his Cap of Knowledge, which told him that the lady was forced by the power of enchantment to meet the wicked magician every night in the middle of the forest. Jack now put on his Coat of Darkness and his Shoes of Swiftness and was there before her. When the lady came, she gave the handkerchief to the magician. Jack with his Sword of Sharpness at one blow cut off his head, and the enchantment was then ended in a moment.

The lady was married to the prince on the next day and soon went back with her royal husband and a great company to the court of King Arthur, where they were received with loud and joyful welcomes. The valiant hero Jack, for the many great exploits he had done for the good of his country, was made one of the Knights of the Round Table. As Jack had been so lucky in all his adventures, he

resolved not to be idle for the future, but still to do what services he could for the honor of the king and the nation. He therefore humbly begged His Majesty to furnish him with a horse and money, that he might travel in search of new and strange exploits.

"For," said he to the king, "there are many giants yet living in the remote parts of Wales, to the great terror and distress of Your Majesty's subjects; therefore if it please you, sire, to favor me in my design, I will soon rid your kingdom of these giants and monsters in human shape."

Now when the king heard this offer and began to think of the cruel deeds of these bloodthirsty giants and savage monsters, he gave Jack everything proper for such a journey. After this Jack took leave of the king, the prince, and all the knights and set off, taking with him his Cap of Knowledge, his Sword of Sharpness, his Shoes of Swiftness, and his Invisible Coat, the better to perform the great exploits that might fall in his way.

He went along over high hills and lofty mountains, and on the third day he came to a large forest through which his road led. He had hardly entered the forest when he heard very dreadful

JACK INSTANTLY KILLED HIM.

shrieks and cries. He forced his way through the trees and saw a monstrous giant dragging along by the hair of their heads a handsome knight and his beautiful lady. Their tears and cries melted the heart of honest Jack to pity and compassion; he alighted from his horse, and tying him to an oak tree, put on his Invisible Coat, under which he carried his Sword of Sharpness.

When he came up to the giant, he made several strokes at him, but could not reach his body on account of the enormous height of the terrible creature. But he wounded his thighs in several places, and at length, putting both hands to his sword and aiming with all his might, he cut off both the giant's legs just below the garter, and the trunk of his body tumbled to the ground, making the trees shake and the earth tremble with the force of his fall.

Then Jack, putting his foot upon his neck, exclaimed: "Thou barbarous and savage wretch, behold I come to execute upon thee the just reward for all thy crimes." And he instantly killed him, while the noble knight and the lovely lady were both joyful spectators of his sudden death and their deliverance. The courteous knight and his

fair lady not only returned Jack hearty thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him to their house to refresh himself after his dreadful encounter and also to receive a reward for his good services.

"No," said Jack, "I cannot be at ease till I find out the den that was the monster's habitation."

The knight on hearing this grew very sorrowful, and replied: "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second hazard. This monster lived in a den under yonder mountain with a brother more fierce and cruel than himself. Therefore, if you should go thither and perish in the attempt, it would be a heart-breaking thing to me and my lady; so let me persuade you to go with us and desist from any further pursuit."

"Nay," answered Jack, "if there be another, even if there were twenty, I would shed the last drop of blood in my body before one of them should escape my fury. When I have finished this task, I will come and pay my respects to you." So when they told him where to find them again, he got on his horse and went after the dead giant's brother.

Jack had not gone a mile and a half before he

came in sight of the mouth of the cavern, and near the entrance of it he saw waiting for his brother the other giant, sitting on a huge block of fine timber with a knotted iron club lying by his side. His eyes looked like flames of fire, his face was grim and ugly, and his cheeks seemed like two flitches of bacon; the bristles of his beard seemed to be thick rods of iron wire, and his long locks of hair hung down upon his broad shoulders like curling snakes. Jack got down from his horse and turned him loose in a thicket; then he put on his Coat of Darkness and drew a little nearer to behold this figure and said softly: "O monster! Are you there? It will not be long before I shall take you fast by the beard."

The giant all this while could not see him by reason of his Invisible Coat; so Jack came quite close to him and struck a blow at his head with his Sword of Sharpness, but he missed his aim and only cut off his nose, which made the giant roar like loud claps of thunder. And though he rolled his glaring eyes round on every side, he could not see who had given him the blow; yet he took up his iron club and began to lay about him like one that was mad with pain and fury.

"Nay," said Jack, "if this be the case, I will kill you at once." So saying, he slipped nimbly behind him, and jumping upon the block of timber as the giant rose from it, he stabbed him in the back, and after a few howls the giant dropped down dead. Jack cut off his head and sent it, together with an account of all his exploits and the head of the giant's brother whom he had killed in the forest, to King Arthur. When Jack had thus killed these two monsters, he went into their cave in search of their treasure. He passed through many turnings and windings which led him to a room paved with freestone. At the end of it was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand stood a large table where the giants used to dine. He then came to a window that was secured with iron bars, through which he saw a number of wretched captives, who cried out when they saw Jack:

"Alas! Alas! Young man, you are come to be one among us in this horrid den."

"I hope," said Jack, "you will not stay here long, but pray tell me what is the meaning of your being here at all?"

"Alas!" said one poor old man. "I will tell you, sir. We are persons who have been taken by the

giants who hold this cave and are kept till they choose to keep a feast; then one of us is to be killed and cooked to please their taste. It is not long since they took three for that purpose."

"Well," said Jack, "I have given them such a dinner that it will be long enough before they have any more."

The captives were amazed at his words. "You may believe me," said Jack, "for I have killed them both with the edge of the sword and have sent their great heads to the court of King Arthur as marks of my success."

To show them that what he said was true, he unlocked the gate and set them all free. Then he led them to the great room, placed them round the table, and set before them two quarters of beef, with bread and wine, upon which they feasted to their fill. When supper was over, they searched the giants' coffers, and Jack divided the store in them among the captives, who thanked him for their escape. The next morning they set off to their homes, and Jack went to the house of the knight, whom he had left with his lady not long before. It was just at the time of sunrise that

Jack mounted his horse to proceed on his journey.

He arrived at the knight's house, where he was received with the greatest joy by the thankful knight and his lady, who, in honor of Jack's exploits, gave a grand feast, to which all the nobles and gentry were invited.

When the company were assembled, the knight declared to them the great deeds of Jack and gave him, as a mark of respect, a fine ring on which was engraved the picture of the giant dragging the knight and the lady by the hair, with this motto round it:

"Behold in dire distress were we,
Under a giant's fierce command,
But gained our lives and liberty
From valiant Jack's victorious hand."

Among the guests then present were five aged gentlemen, who were fathers to some of those captives who had been freed by Jack from the dungeon of the giants. As soon as they heard that he was the person who had done such wonders, they pressed round him with tears of joy to return him thanks for the happiness he had brought to them. After this the bowl went round, and every one

drank to the health and long life of the gallant hero. Mirth increased, and the hall was filled with peals of laughter and joyful cries. But suddenly a herald, pale and breathless with haste and terror, rushed into the midst of the company and told them that Thundel, a savage giant with two heads, had heard of the death of his two kinsmen and was coming to take his revenge on Jack, and that he was now within a mile of the house, the people flying before him like chaff before the wind.

At this news the very boldest of the guests trembled, but Jack drew his sword and said: "Let him come; I have a rod for him also. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, do me the favor to walk into the garden, and you shall soon behold the giant's defeat and death."

To this they all agreed and heartily wished him success in his dangerous attempt. The knight's house stood in the middle of a moat thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide, over which lay a drawbridge. Jack set men to work to cut the bridge on both sides almost to the middle and then dressed himself in his Coat of Darkness and went against the giant with his Sword of Sharpness. As Jack

came close to him, though the giant could not see him for his Invisible Coat, yet he found some danger was near, which made him cry out:

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Say you so, my friend?" said Jack. "You are a monstrous miller indeed."

"Art thou," cried the giant, "the villain that killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth and grind thy bones to powder!"

"You must catch me first," said Jack; and throwing off his Coat of Darkness and putting on his Shoes of Swiftness, he began to run, the giant following him like a walking castle, making the earth shake at every step.

Jack led him round and round the walls of the house that the company might see the monster; and to finish the work, Jack ran over the drawbridge, the giant going after him with his club. But when the giant came to the middle where the bridge had been cut on both sides, the great weight of his body made it break, and he tumbled into the water and rolled about like a large whale. Jack

now stood by the side of the moat and laughed and jeered at him, saying, "I think you told me you would grind my bones to powder; when will you begin?"

The giant foamed at both his horrid mouths with fury and plunged from side to side of the moat, but he could not get out to have revenge on his little foe. At last Jack ordered a cart rope to be brought to him. He then drew it over his two heads and by the help of a team of horses dragged him to the edge of the moat, where he cut off the monster's heads; and before he either ate or drank, he sent them both to the court of King Arthur. He then went back to the table with the company, and the rest of the day was spent in mirth and good cheer.

After staying with the knight for some time, Jack grew weary of such an idle life and set out again in search of new adventures. He went over hills and dales without meeting any till he came to the foot of a very high mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a small and lonely house, and an old man with a head as white as snow let him in.

"Good father," said Jack, "can you lodge a traveler who has lost his way?"

"Yes," said the hermit, "I can if you will accept such fare as my poor house affords."

Jack entered, and the old man set before him some bread and fruit for his supper.

When Jack had eaten as much as he chose, the hermit said, "My son, I know you are the famous conqueror of giants; now on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a giant named Galligantus, who by the help of a vile magician gets many knights into his castle, where he changes them into the shape of beasts.

"Above all, I lament the hard fate of a duke's daughter, whom they seized as she was walking in her father's garden and brought thither through the air in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, and turned her into the shape of a deer.

"Many knights have tried to destroy the enchantment and deliver her; yet none have been able to do it, by reason of two fiery griffins who guard the gate of the castle and destroy all who come nigh. But as you, my son, have an Invisible Coat, you may pass by them without being seen, and on the gates of the castle you will find engraved some words which tell by what means the enchantment may be broken."

Jack promised that in the morning, at the risk of his life, he would break the enchantment, and after a sound sleep he arose early, put on his Invisible Coat, and got ready for the attempt.

When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw the two fiery griffins, but he passed between them without the least fear of danger, for they could not see him because of his Invisible Coat.

On the castle gate he found a golden trumpet under which were written these lines:

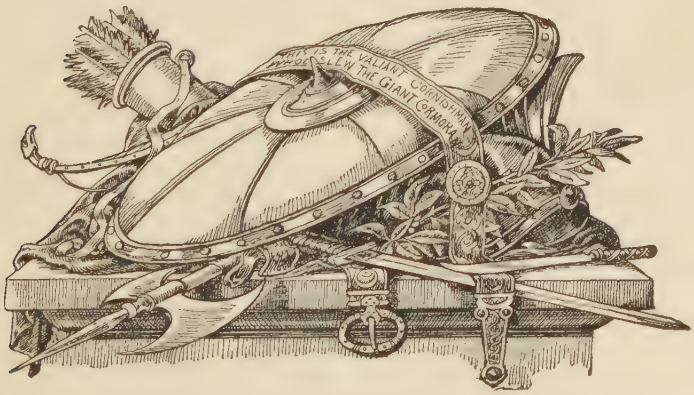
> "Whoever can this trumpet blow
> Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

As soon as Jack had read this, he seized the trumpet and blew a shrill blast, which made the gates fly open and the castle tremble. The giant and the conjuror now knew that their wicked course was at an end, and they stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear.

Jack with his Sword of Sharpness soon killed the giant, and the magician was then carried away by a whirlwind, and all the knights and beautiful ladies who had been changed into birds and beasts returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away like smoke, and the head of the giant Galli-

gantus was sent to King Arthur. The knights and ladies rested that night at the old man's hermitage, and the next day they set out for the court. Jack then went up to the king and gave His Majesty an account of all his fierce battles.

Jack's fame had spread through the whole country, and at the king's desire the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all the kingdom. After this the king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in joy and content.



In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the most learned magician of his time in old England, was on a journey and, being very weary, stopped one day at the cottage of an honest plowman to ask for refreshment. The plowman's wife with great civility immediately brought him some milk in a wooden bowl and some brown bread on a wooden platter.

Merlin could not help observing that, although everything within the cottage was particularly neat and clean and in good order, the plowman and his

wife had the most sorrowful air imaginable. So he asked them the cause of this and learned that they were very miserable because they had no children. The poor woman declared with tears in her eyes

She Wished That She Had a Son.

that she would be the happiest creature in the world if she had a son, even though he were no bigger than his father's thumb. Merlin was much amused with the thought of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, and as soon as he returned home, he sent for the queen of the fairies (with whom he

was very intimate) and related to her the desire of the plowman and his wife to have a son the size of his father's thumb.

The queen of the fairies was also amused at the idea and declared that their wish should speedily be granted. And so the plowman's wife had a son

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES CAME IN AT THE WINDOW.

who in a few minutes grew as tall as his father's thumb.

The queen of the fairies came in at the window as the mother was sitting up in bed admiring the child. The queen kissed the infant and, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, immediately summoned several fairies from Fairyland to clothe her new little favorite.

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt it was by spiders spun.
With doublet wove of thistle's down,
His trousers up with points were done.
His stockings of apple rind they tie
With eyelash plucked from his mother's eye.
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tanned with the hair within.

Tom never was any bigger than his father's thumb, which was not a large thumb either. But,

"Have I Caught You at Last?"

as he grew older, he became very cunning and sly, for which his mother did not sufficiently correct him, so that when he was able to play with the boys for cherry stones and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the boys' bags, fill his pockets,

and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag of cherry stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him.

"Ah, ha, my little Tom Thumb!" said the boy. "Have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will reward you for thieving."

Then he drew the string of the bag tight round his neck and shook the bag heartily. The cherry stones bruised Tom's legs, thighs, and body sadly, which made him beg to be let out and promise never to be guilty of such things any more.

Shortly afterwards Tom's mother was making a batter pudding, and that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed upon the edge of the bowl. But his foot slipped, he fell over head and ears into the batter, and his mother, not observing him, stirred him into the pudding and popped him into the pot to boil.

The hot water made Tom kick and struggle; and his mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched. A tinker came by just at the time, and she quickly gave him the pudding, and he put it into his bag and walked on.

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his

mouth, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the poor tinker that he flung the pudding over the hedge and ran away from it as fast as he could run. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom was released, and walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed.

Tom Thumb's mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow. It was a very windy day; so she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle that he might not be blown away. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow chewed the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which seemed ready to crush him to pieces, roared, "Mother! Mother!" as loudly as he could.

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said the mother.

"Here, Mother, here in the red cow's mouth."

The mother began to cry and wring her hands, and the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother than clapped him into her apron and ran home with him as fast as she could.

A little later Tom's father made him a whip of barley straw to drive the cattle with, and one day

in the field he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven picked him up with a grain of corn and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle by the seaside, where he left him. Old Grumbo the giant soon after came to walk upon his terrace and swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all. Tom presently made the giant very uncomfortable, and he threw him up into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. This fish was soon after caught and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb.

The king made him his dwarf, and he became the favorite of the whole court. By his merry pranks he often amused the queen and the Knights of the Round Table. The king, when he rode on horseback, frequently took Tom in his hand, and if a shower of rain came on, Tom used to creep into the king's waistcoat pocket and sleep till the rain was over. The king sometimes questioned Tom concerning his parents, and when Tom informed His Majesty they were very poor people, the king led him into his treasury and told him he should pay his friends a visit and take with him as much money as he could carry. Tom procured a little purse and, putting a threepenny piece into it, with

much labor and difficulty got it upon his back and after traveling two days and nights arrived at his father's house.

His mother met him at the door, and he was

THE KING FREQUENTLY TOOK TOM IN HIS HAND.

tired almost to death, having in forty-eight hours traveled about half a mile with a huge silver threepence upon his back. His parents were glad to see him, especially since he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him. They placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside and feasted him for

three days upon a hazelnut, which made him sick, for a whole nut usually served him a month.

Tom got well again, but could not travel because it rained. Therefore his mother took him in her hand and with one puff blew him into King Ar-

He Carried a Huge Silver Threepence upon His Back.

thur's court, where he entertained the king, queen, and nobility at tilts and tournaments. At this he exerted himself so much that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of.

Hearing of this, the queen of the fairies came in a chariot drawn by flying mice, placed Tom by her side, and drove through the air without stopping till they arrived at her palace. Then, after restoring him to health and permitting him to enjoy all

the gay diversions of Fairyland, the queen summoned a great wind and, placing Tom before it, blew him straight to the court of King Arthur.

But just as Tom should have alighted in the

THE FAIRY QUEEN CAME IN A CHARIOT.

courtyard of the palace, the cook happened to pass along with the king's great bowl of firmity (King Arthur loved firmity), and poor Tom Thumb fell plump into the middle of it and splashed the hot firmity into the cook's eyes. Down went the bowl.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Tom.

"Murder! Murder!" bellowed the cook. And away ran the king's nice firmity into the gutter.

The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow and swore to the king that Tom had done it out of mere mis-

TOM FELL PLUMP INTO THE MIDDLE OF IT.

chief; so he was taken up, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Tom, hearing this dreadful sentence and seeing a miller stand by with his mouth wide open, took a good spring and jumped down the miller's throat, unperceived by all, even by the miller himself.

Tom being lost, the court broke up, and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not leave him long at rest; he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller felt himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; the doctor was as much frightened as the miller and sent in great haste for five more doctors and twenty learned men.

While all these were considering what they should do, the miller happened to yawn, and Tom, taking the opportunity, made another jump and alighted on his feet in the middle of the table. The miller, provoked to be thus tormented by such a little creature, fell into a great passion, caught hold of Tom, and threw him out of the window into the river. A large salmon swimming by snapped him up in a minute. The salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to the steward of a lord. The lord, thinking it an uncommonly fine fish, made a present of it to the king, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the salmon, he found poor Tom and ran with him directly to the king, but the king was busy with state affairs and desired that he might be brought another day.

The cook resolved to keep him safely this time, as he had so lately given him the slip, clapped him into a mousetrap, and left him to amuse himself for a whole week by peeping through the wires. At last the king sent for him and, forgiving him for causing the firmity to be thrown down, ordered him new clothes and knighted him.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings;
His boots were made of chickens' skins;
His coat and breeches were made with pride.
A tailor's needle hung by his side;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode hunting with the king and nobility, all of whom laughed heartily at Tom and his fine prancing steed.

As they rode by a farmhouse one day, a cat jumped from behind the door, seized the mouse and little Tom, and began to devour the mouse. However, Tom boldly drew his sword and attacked the cat, who then let him fall.

The king and his nobles, seeing Tom falling, went to his assistance, and one of the lords caught him in his hat, but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat. In this condition he was carried home, and a

bed of down was made for him in a little ivory cabinet.

The queen of the fairies came and took him again to Fairyland, where she kept him for some years. Then, dressing him in bright green, she sent him flying once more through the air to earth. The people flocked far and near to look at him, and the king before whom he was carried asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived. Tom answered:

"My name is Tom Thumb;
From the fairies I come.
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.
In me he delighted;
By him I was knighted.
Did you never hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table, and a palace of gold a span high with a door an inch wide for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, for she had not a new coach too. Therefore, resolving to ruin Tom, she complained to the king that he had behaved very insolently to her. The king sent for

THE KING GAVE HIM A COACH DRAWN BY SIX SMALL MICE.

him in a rage. Tom, to escape his fury, crept into an empty snail-shell, and there lay until he was almost starved. When he peeped out of the shell, he saw a fine butterfly settled on the ground. He now ventured out and got astride it. The butterfly took wing and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away he flew from field to field, from tree to tree, till at last he flew to the king's court. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped from his seat and fell into a white pot, where he was found almost drowned.

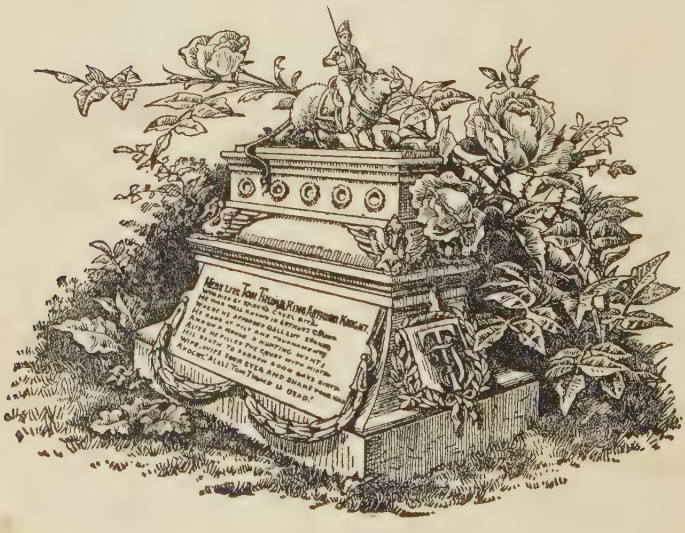
The queen vowed his head should be cut off, but while they were getting ready to do it, he was secured once more in a mousetrap. The cat saw something stir and, supposing it to be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it and set Tom at liberty.

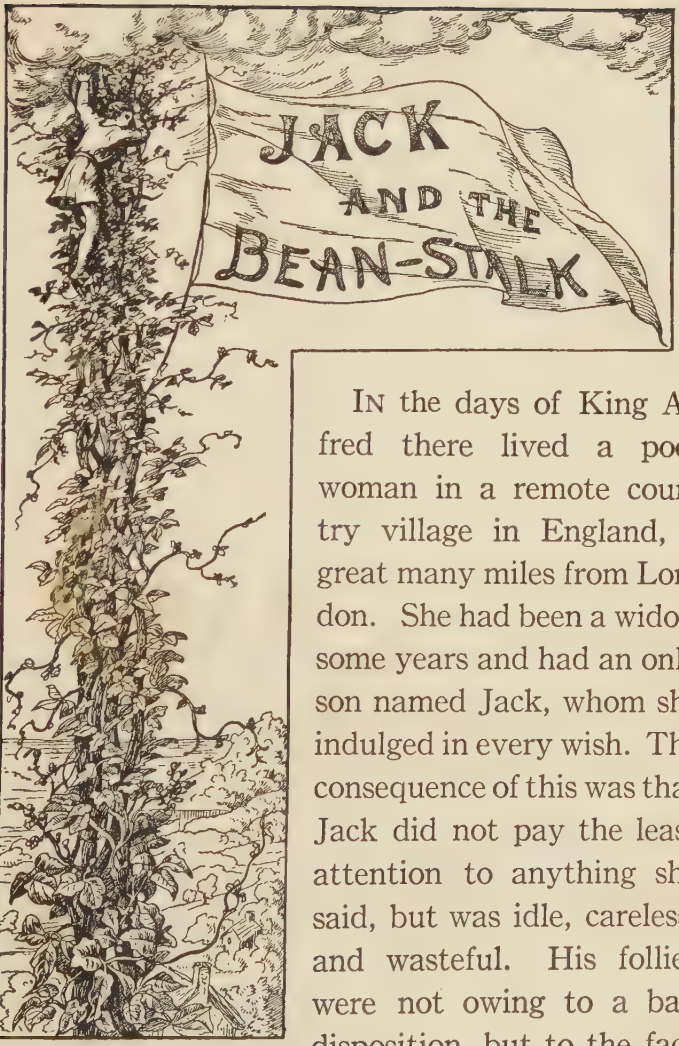
Soon afterwards a spider, taking him for a fly, made at him. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him.

He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.

King Thunstone and his whole court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rosebush and raised a nice white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:

"Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive he filled the court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head
And cry, 'Alas! Tom Thumb is dead.'"





In the days of King Alfred there lived a poor woman in a remote country village in England, a great many miles from London. She had been a widow some years and had an only son named Jack, whom she indulged in every wish. The consequence of this was that Jack did not pay the least attention to anything she said, but was idle, careless, and wasteful. His follies were not owing to a bad disposition, but to the fact

that his mother had never checked him. By degrees she spent all that she had — scarcely anything was left to her but a cow.

The poor woman one day met Jack with tears in her eyes. Her distress was great, and for the first time in her life she could not help scolding him, saying: "Oh, you cruel child! You have at last brought me to beggary and ruin. I have not money enough to purchase even a bit of bread for another day. Nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow. I am sorry to part with her. It grieves me sadly, but we must not starve!"

For a few minutes Jack felt sorry, but this feeling soon passed away, and he began teasing his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village, and at last she gave her consent. As he was going along he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell it. Now the butcher held some curious beans in his hat. They were of various colors and attracted Jack's attention. This the butcher noticed and, knowing Jack's easy temper, thought this was the time to take advantage of it. He could not let slip so good an opportunity; so he asked what was the price of the cow, offering

at the same time all the beans in his hat for her.

The silly boy could not hide the joy he felt at what he supposed was so good an offer, and the bargain was struck at once. The cow was thus exchanged for a few paltry beans. Jack made the best of his way back, calling aloud to his mother before he reached home, thinking in this way to surprise her.

When she saw the beans and heard Jack's story, her patience quite forsook her. She was so angry that she threw the beans out of the window, and they were scattered in all directions, some falling into the garden. Then she threw her apron over her head and cried bitterly. Not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke early in the morning and, seeing something uncommon darkening the window of his bedchamber, ran downstairs into the garden. Here he found that some of the beans had taken root and had sprung up in a wonderful manner. The stalks were of an immense thickness and had so twined together that they formed a ladder like a chain. Looking up he could not see the top; it appeared

THE COW WAS EXCHANGED FOR A FEW PALTRY BEANS.

to be lost in the clouds. He tried it and found it firm and not to be shaken.

He quickly made up his mind to climb to the top to seek his fortune, and ran to tell his mother what he meant to do, not doubting that she would be as pleased as he was. She declared he should not go; she said it would break her heart if he did. She begged and prayed him not to go, but all in vain, for Jack set out and after climbing for some hours reached the top of the bean-stalk, tired and quite worn out. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country. It appeared to be a barren desert; not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature was to be seen. Here and there were scattered fragments of stone, and at unequal distances small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together.

Jack seated himself sadly upon a block of stone and thought of his mother. He thought with sorrow about his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her will and after a while began to fear that he would die of hunger. However, he walked on, hoping to find a house where he might beg something to eat and drink. Presently he saw in the distance a handsome young woman; as she approached, Jack could not help admiring her for

her beauty. She was dressed in the most elegant style and had a small white wand in her hand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold.

While Jack was looking with the greatest sur-

She Was Dressed in the Most Elegant Style.

prise at this charming person, she came up to him and with a sweet smile asked how he came there. Jack told her all about the bean-stalk. She asked him if he remembered his father. He replied that he did not and added that there must be some mystery about him, for when he asked his mother about

his father, she always would weep and would tell him nothing. He could not help noticing that she would never answer his questions, and she even seemed afraid of speaking, as if there was some secret connected with his father's history which she must not tell.

The young woman replied: "I will tell the whole story; your mother must not do so. But before I begin, I require a solemn promise on your part to do what I tell you. I am a fairy, and if you do not perform exactly what I desire, you will be destroyed."

Jack was frightened at her threats, but promised to do exactly as she bade him, and the fairy then said:

"Your father was a rich man. He was very good to the poor and constantly helped them. He made it a rule never to let a day pass without doing good to some one. On one day in the week he kept open house and invited only those who were poor but had once lived well. He always sat at the head of the table himself and did all in his power to make his guests comfortable. The rich and the great, however, were not invited. The servants were all happy and greatly loved their master and

mistress. Now a giant lived a great many miles off, and he was altogether as wicked as your father was good. He was in his heart envious, covetous, and cruel, but he had the art of hiding those vices.

"He was poor and wished to get rich, no matter how. Hearing your father spoken of, he thought it would be a good thing to make friends with him and get into his good graces. He removed quickly into your neighborhood, where he pretended that he was a gentleman who had just lost all he had by an earthquake and had found it difficult to escape with his life.

"Your father believed his story and pitied him. He gave him handsome rooms in his own house and caused him and his wife to be treated like visitors of importance, little imagining that the giant was planning to make him a horrid return for all his kindness.

"Things went on in this way for some time, the giant becoming daily more impatient to carry out his plan. At last his chance came. Your father's house was at some distance from the seashore, but with a glass the coast could be seen distinctly. The giant was one day using the telescope. The wind was very high, and he saw a fleet of ships in distress

off the rock. He hastened to your father, mentioned the circumstance, and eagerly begged him to send all the servants he could spare to help the sufferers.

"Every one was at once sent off except the porter and your nurse. The giant then joined your father in the study and appeared to be delighted — and he really was. Your father recommended to him a favorite book and was handing it down when the giant took the opportunity to stab him, killing him instantly. The giant left the body, found the porter and nurse, and at once killed them, being determined to have no living witnesses of his crimes.

"You were then only three months old. Your mother had you in her arms in another part of the house and did not know what was going on. She went into the study, but how was she shocked on finding your father a corpse! She was overcome with horror and grief, and could not move from the spot. The giant, who was seeking her, found her in that state and was about to serve her and you as he had done your father, but she fell at his feet and begged him to spare your life and hers.

"Remorse, for a moment, seemed to touch the barbarian's heart. He granted your lives, but first

he made her take a most solemn oath never to tell you who your father was or to answer any questions about him, assuring her that if she did he would certainly find it out and put both of you to death in the most cruel manner.

"She Begged Him to Spare Your Life and Hers."

"Your mother took you in her arms and fled as quickly as possible. She was scarcely gone when the giant repented that he had allowed her to escape. He would have pursued her instantly, but he had to look out for his own safety, as it was

necessary he should be gone before the servants returned. Having gained your father's confidence, he knew where to find all his treasure. Therefore, he soon loaded himself and his wife with it, set the house on fire in several places, and when the serv-

"He Set the House on Fire."

ants came back, the house was burned quite down to the ground.

"Your poor mother, forlorn, alone, and forsaken, wandered with you a great many miles from her home. At last she settled in the cottage where

you were brought up, and it was entirely owing to her fear of the giant that she never spoke of your father to you. I became your father's guardian at his birth, but fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals. A short time before the giant went to your father's house, I did something wrong; to punish me, my power was taken away for a time — an unfortunate circumstance, for it totally prevented my helping him.

"The day on which you met the butcher, as you went to sell your mother's cow, my power was given me again. It was I who made you take the beans in exchange for the cow, though you did not know it. By my power the bean-stalk grew to so great a height and became a ladder. I need not add that I gave you the strong desire to climb up the ladder.

"Now, the giant lives in this country, and you are the person appointed to punish him for all his wickedness. You will have dangers and difficulties, but you must persevere in avenging the death of your father, or you will not prosper in anything you do, but will always be miserable. As to the giant's possessions, you may seize on all you can; everything he has is yours because it belonged to your father, though now you are unjustly deprived

of it. One thing I desire — do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history till you see me again. Go along the direct road; you will soon see the house where your cruel enemy lives. While you do as I order you, I will protect and guard you; but, remember, if you dare disobey my orders, a most dreadful punishment awaits you."

When the fairy had ended, she disappeared, leaving Jack to pursue his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he saw a large mansion. This pleasant sight cheered him much; he walked as fast as he could and soon reached it.

A plain-looking woman was at the door; he spoke to her and begged that she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging.

She expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him and said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house, for it was well known that her husband was a large and very powerful giant, and that he would never eat anything but human flesh if he could possibly get it. She said, also, that he did not think anything of walking fifty miles to get it, usually being out the whole day for that purpose.

This account greatly terrified Jack, but still he hoped to escape from the giant. Therefore again he begged the woman to take him in for one night only and to hide him where she thought he would be safe. The good woman was at last persuaded,

THERE WAS A GRATING OF IRON.

for she was of a kindly and generous nature, and she took him into the house.

First, they entered a fine, large hall, magnificently furnished; they then passed through several spacious rooms, all in the same style of grandeur; but the rooms appeared to be quite forsaken and desolate. A long gallery was next; it was very dark — just light enough to show that, instead of a wall on one side, there was a grating of iron, which parted

off a dismal dungeon, whence issued the groans of those poor victims whom the cruel giant kept in confinement.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear and would have given the world to be with his mother again, for he now began to fear that he should never see her more, and gave himself up for lost. He even did not trust the good woman, and thought she had let him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him up among the poor people in the dungeon.

At the farther end of the long gallery there was a very large kitchen, and a good fire was burning in the grate. The good woman told Jack to sit down, and she gave him plenty to eat and drink. Jack, not seeing anything here to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear and was just beginning to enjoy himself when he was aroused by a loud knocking at the street door which made the whole house shake. The giant's wife ran to hide him in the oven and then went to let her husband in. Jack heard him accost her in a voice like thunder, saying, "Wife, I smell fresh meat."

"Oh! My dear," replied she, "it is nothing but the people in the dungeon."

The giant appeared to believe her and walked

into the very kitchen where poor Jack was hidden, who was more frightened than he had yet been.

At last the monster seated himself quietly by the fireside while his wife made the supper. Little by

THE GIANT FELL ASLEEP BY THE FIRESIDE.

little Jack got over his fright so far as to be able to look at the giant through a small crack, and he was quite astonished to see what an enormous quantity he ate. It seemed as if he never would have done eating and drinking.

When supper was ended, the giant desired his wife to bring him his hen. A very beautiful hen was then brought and placed on the table before him. Jack's desire to see what would happen was very great, and soon he saw that every time the giant said "Lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid

JACK SEIZED THE HEN AND RAN OFF WITH HER.

gold. The giant amused himself a long time with his hen, and meanwhile his wife went to bed. At length the giant fell asleep by the fireside and snored like the roaring of a cannon.

At daybreak, Jack, finding the giant still asleep and not likely to awaken soon, crept softly out of his hiding place, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He met with some difficulty in finding his way

out of the house, but at last he reached the road in safety. He easily found the way to the bean-stalk and contrived to get down it more quickly than he had expected.

He found his mother crying bitterly over his hard fate, for she was certain he had come to some sad end through his rashness. Jack was impatient to show his hen and to inform his mother how valuable it was.

"And now, Mother," said Jack, "I have brought home that which will quickly make us rich, and I hope to make up for the sorrow I have caused you through my idleness, wastefulness, and folly."

The hen laid as many golden eggs as they wished; they sold them, and in a little time they became possessed of as much riches as they wanted.

For some months Jack and his mother lived very happily together, but he was very desirous of traveling. He remembered the fairy's commands and feared that if he delayed she would put her threats into execution. Jack longed also to climb the bean-stalk and pay the giant another visit in order to carry away some more of his treasures. For during the time that Jack was in the giant's mansion, and while he lay concealed in the oven, he learned from

the talk between the giant and his wife that he had many wonderful things in his house. Jack thought of his journey again and again, but still he could not make up his mind to speak of it to his mother, being quite sure that she would try to prevent his going.

However, one day he told her boldly that he must take a journey up the bean-stalk. She begged and prayed him not to think of it and tried all in her power to keep him from doing so. She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, that the giant would desire nothing better than to get him into his power, and that he might put him to a cruel death to be revenged for the loss of his hen. Jack, finding that all he said was useless, pretended to give it up, though he made up his mind to go at all events. So he had a dress made which would disguise him, and found something to color his skin in such a way that he thought it would be impossible for any one to know him again.

A few mornings after this he arose very early, colored the skin of his face, and, unseen by any one, climbed the bean-stalk a second time. He was very tired when he reached the top and very

HE BEGGED A NIGHT'S LODGING.

hungry. But after resting some time on one of the stones, he went on his way to the giant's mansion. He reached it late in the evening and found the woman at the door as before. Jack told her a pitiful tale and begged of her to give him some food and drink and also a night's lodging.

She told him (what he knew before very well) what a powerful and cruel giant her husband was, and that one night she took into her house a poor, hungry, friendless boy, who was half dead with traveling, but that the little ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures, and ever since that her husband had been worse than before, using her very cruelly and

continually scolding her for being the cause of his loss.

Jack at once knew that he was listening to a story in which he was the chief actor; he did his best to persuade the good woman to take him in, but he found it a very hard task. At last she consented, and as she led the way, Jack saw that everything was just as he had found it before. She took him into the kitchen, and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber closet. The giant returned at the usual time and walked in so heavily that the house was shaken to its foundation.

He seated himself by the fire and soon after exclaimed, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

The wife replied it was the crows, who had brought a piece of raw meat and left it on the top of the house.

While supper was being prepared, the giant was very cross and impatient, frequently scolding his wife for the loss of his wonderful hen.

The giant, at last having eaten till he was quite satisfied, said to his wife, "I must have something to amuse me, either my bags of money or my harp."

After a great deal of ill humor, having teased his wife some time, he told her to bring down his bags of gold and silver. Jack, as before, peeped out of his hiding place, and presently the giant's wife brought two very large bags into the room. One was filled with gold and the other with silver pieces. They were both placed before the giant, who began scolding his poor wife most severely for being so long away. She replied, trembling with fear, that the bags were so heavy that she could scarcely lift them and ended by saying that she would never again bring them downstairs, adding that she had nearly fainted, owing to their weight. This so enraged the giant that he raised his hand to strike her, but she ran away and went to bed, leaving him to count his treasure by way of amusement.

The giant took his bags and, after turning them over and over to see that they were in the same state as he left them, began to count their contents. First, the bag which contained the silver was emptied, and the contents were placed upon the table. Jack saw the glittering heaps with delight and most heartily wished they were his own. The giant (little thinking he was so closely watched)

counted the silver over several times and then, having satisfied himself that all was safe, put it into the bag again, which he made very secure.

The other bag was opened next, and the golden pieces placed upon the table. If Jack was pleased at the sight of the silver, how much more delighted he felt when he saw such a heap of glittering gold! He even had the boldness to think of gaining both bags, but suddenly recollecting himself, he began to fear that the giant would sham sleep, the better to catch any one who might be hidden in the house. When the giant had counted over the gold till he was tired, he put it up more securely if possible than he had put up the silver before. Then he leaned back on his chair by the fireside and fell asleep. He snored so loudly that Jack compared his noise to the roaring of the sea in a high wind when the tide is coming in.

At last Jack, feeling sure the giant was asleep, stole out of his hiding place and went near him to carry off the two bags of money, but just as he laid his hand upon one of the bags, a little dog which he had not seen before started from under the giant's chair and barked at Jack most furiously. Jack now gave himself up for lost. Fear chained

him to the spot. Instead of trying to escape, he stood still, expecting the giant to wake every instant. Strange to say, however, the giant did not wake from his sound sleep, and the dog grew tired of barking.

Jack now began to have his wits about him, and on looking round he saw a large piece of meat. This he threw to the dog, which seized it at once and took it into the lumber closet which Jack had just left. Finding himself free from a noisy and troublesome enemy and seeing that the giant did not awake, Jack boldly seized the bags and, throwing them over his shoulders, ran out of the kitchen. He reached the street door in safety and found it was quite daylight. On his way to the top of the bean-stalk he found it hard work to carry the heavy moneybags.

Jack was delighted when he found himself near the bean-stalk. When he reached it, he soon went to the bottom and at once ran to seek his mother. To his great surprise, there was no one in the cottage. He ran from one room to another, but found no one. At last he ran into the village, hoping to see some of the neighbors, who might be able to tell him where he could find his mother. An old

woman at last directed him to a house near by, where he found his mother ill of a fever. He was greatly shocked, for she seemed to be dying, and he could scarcely bear his own thoughts on knowing himself to be the cause of her sickness. But on being told of her son's safe return, his mother began to improve and at last became quite well again. Jack at once gave her his two valuable bags, and with the money the cottage was rebuilt and well furnished, and they lived happily and comfortably for a long time.

For three years Jack heard no more of the bean-stalk, but he could not forget it although he would not mention it, for he feared to make his mother unhappy. She, too, would not mention the hated bean-stalk, lest it should remind her son of taking another journey. In spite of the comforts Jack enjoyed at home, he often thought about the bean-stalk, for the fairy's threats in case of his disobedience were ever present to his mind and prevented him from being happy. The idea grew upon him so that he could think of nothing else. He vainly tried to amuse himself; he became quiet and sullen and would arise at the dawn of day and look at the bean-stalk for hours together. His mother saw

that something lay heavy upon his mind and tried to discover the cause, but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be should she succeed. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great desire he had for another journey up the bean-stalk.

Finding, however, that his desire grew too strong for him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey, and on the longest day of the year he arose as soon as it was light and climbed the bean-stalk, reaching the top with some little trouble. He found the road journey much as it was on the two former times. He arrived at the giant's mansion in the evening and found his wife standing, as usual, at the door. Jack had disguised himself so completely that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him. However, when he told her of his hunger and poverty, in order to be allowed to enter the mansion, he found it very difficult indeed to persuade her. At last he succeeded and was hidden in the boiler this time.

When the giant returned, he said, "I smell fresh meat."

But Jack felt quite easy in his mind, for the giant had said so before and had been soon satisfied. However, the giant started up all at once, and

his wife could not prevent him from searching all round the room.

While this was going on, Jack was exceedingly frightened and wished himself at home a thousand times. When the giant came near the boiler and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. The giant ended his search there, though, without moving the lid and seated himself quietly by the fireside. This fright nearly killed poor Jack; he was afraid to move or even to breathe lest he should be discovered. The giant at last ate a hearty supper, and when he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp.

Jack peeped under the boiler lid and soon saw the most beautiful harp that could be thought of; it was placed on the table by the giant, who said, "Play!" It instantly played of its own accord without being touched. The music was wonderfully fine.

Jack was delighted and felt more anxious to get the harp into his possession than either of the former treasures; fortunately for him, the music soon lulled the giant into a sound sleep. Now, therefore, was the time to carry off the harp, for the giant appeared to be in a deeper sleep than usual.

Jack soon made up his mind, got out of the boiler and seized the harp. But the harp, being enchanted by a fairy, called out loudly, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke, stood up, and tried to run after Jack, but he had drunk so much that he could hardly stand.

Poor Jack ran as fast as he could, and in a little time the giant recovered sufficiently to walk slowly, or rather to reel after him. Had he been sober, he would have overtaken Jack instantly; but as he then was, Jack contrived to be first at the top of the bean-stalk. The giant called after him in a voice like thunder and sometimes was very near him.

The moment Jack got down the bean-stalk, he called out for a hatchet, and one was brought him directly. Now just at that instant the giant was beginning to descend, but Jack cut the bean-stalk with his hatchet close off at the root, which made the giant fall headlong into the garden. The fall was so great that it killed him, thereby releasing the world from a barbarous enemy.

At this instant the fairy appeared and first addressed Jack's mother, explaining every circumstance relating to the journeys up the bean-stalk.

The fairy charged Jack to be dutiful to his mother and to follow his father's good example, which was the only way to be happy. She then disappeared. Jack heartily begged his mother's pardon for all the sorrow and affliction he had caused her, promising most faithfully to be very dutiful and obedient to her in the future.

Elm Road S.

AUTHOR O'Shea

TITLE 8th World Wonder

box

is not

P8-ACB-841